

Good Morning 457

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's Stage, Screen, Studio

MYSTIC subjects have ever had a fascination for Gustav Holst.

His choral work, "The Hymn of Jesus," recorded for the first time and issued under the auspices of the British Council, is not the first of that origin, but it is the best.

Indeed, it is a magnificent work, the best choral composition we have had for many years, and one well worth adding to the gramophone library.

Huddersfield Choral Society, supplying two mixed choirs and a third of female voices for which the score calls, and Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, bring out the dignified beauty of the work, in which Holst makes extensive use of two of the most noble plainchant hymns, "Vexilla Regis" and "Pange Lingua," the last-named being daringly employed as a dance rhythm.

Many sections of the work ascend to sublime heights, with Holst using his fine imaginative powers most tellingly and devoutly.

Praise must be given to the Huddersfield singers for a well-balanced performance, in which an admirable tone is produced, with the requisite delicacy and shading.

Occasionally the strings of the orchestra are swamped, but on the whole the performance and the recording by H.M.V. are magnificent.

SELDOM, if ever, do we hear of a public performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," regarded by many as the best example of the Saxon giant's classic style, but the opera contains many beautiful arias which are well worth permanency.

For that reason alone I welcomed the Columbia recording by Isobel Baillie of the recitative, "O, Didst Thou Know?" and the aria, "As When the Dove."

In flowing, mellifluous melodies the music tells of the welcome from the nymph Galatea to her lover Acis, sung in flawless style by Miss Baillie.

It is a pity that the orchestral accompaniments by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra are not more in keeping with Miss Baillie's delicate and refined treatment of the appealing music.

The work of the players seems a trifle perfunctory.

SCHUBERT'S little wager with a friend to produce at short notice an overture in the Rossini manner resulted in "Overture in the Italian Style in C Major," now recorded by Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Dr. Malcolm Sargent. The playing is crisp and



Lovely Ann Savage

pleasing, and far better than the other performances by the Liverpool musicians for this month's records.

This said, however, it must be added that Schubert fails to achieve the brilliance, grace, and wit of the Italian master.

AROUSING record of marches by a master hand, "Washington Post" and "Stars and Stripes for Ever," is furnished by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

It is a worth-while experience to hear a first-class orchestra playing Sousa, even though the music by right belongs to the military band.

The unusual colouring given by the orchestra and the drive imparted by Ormandy should make the H.M.V. record a popular choice.

Marian Anderson, the contralto, who has built up a fine reputation for herself as a singer of negro spirituals, gives us two lovely melodies on an H.M.V. disc, "Let Us Break Bread Together," and "Oh! What a Beautiful City."

She has a splendid voice and a sense of sincere musicianship, well brought out in the recording.

IDA LUPINO at present is busy writing the biography of her father, Stanley Lupino.

The historical traditions of this talented family go back to 1642, when a poster exhibited in London, and now in the possession of Miss Lupino, announced that the founder of the family, one Georgius Lupino, was appearing at the Raven Inn, West Smithfield, in "jiggs, sarabands and country dances to the admiration of all spectators together with the merry conceits of Squire Punch and Sir John Spendall."

Miss Lupino has been working daily on a typewriter in the corner of the lounge in her Hollywood home, writing the life of her father, which she calls "The Last of the Lupinos."

Before her husband joined the U.S. Marines the Lupino household was the scene of

J. M. Michaelson
gives you
another
"Peep at
Parliament"

M.P.'s JAIL IS ALWAYS EMPTY

HALFWAY up the Clock Tower of the Palace of Westminster, famous the world over, is a suite of rooms the existence of which is known to few. It is the private prison of the House of Commons, where Members or strangers who have offended the dignity or privileges of the House can be confined. It is one of the least-used prisons in the world, and it is, in fact, sixty years since any Member was sent to "the Tower."

As prisons go, it must also be the most comfortable in the world. Its situation makes escape out of the question, except through the door, which only leads downwards to the house of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Commons, who is responsible for the custody of the prisoner. A gaoler—one of the messengers of the House—is always present, having a bedroom next door to that of the prisoner and sharing his sitting-room.

According to the rules, the gaoler may take his prisoner for an hour's walk each morning on the terrace of the House, and on Sundays to the nearby Church of St. John. The prisoner is allowed to wear his clothes, read and write, and have what meals he likes sent up to him from the kitchens of the House of Commons, so long as he pays for them.

Altogether quite an attractive prison. The one disadvantage seems to be the striking of Big Ben just above.

Charles Bradlaugh, the last M.P. to be confined in the Clock Tower, his offence being refusal to utter the words "So help me God" in the oath, complained that he never got any sleep at all because of the noise of Big Ben. As he was confined only twenty-four hours, this discomfort was not so serious as it might have been.

The "prison" of the House of Commons was specially constructed when the new Palace of Westminster was built after the disastrous fire just over a century ago. Before that, orders for imprisonment by the House of Commons had been fairly frequent, the victims usually going to Newgate or the Tower of London.

Since, they have become extremely rare, and the two suites in the Clock Tower have never been used together. But Parliament still retains the right to commit an offender to any prison it names in the Kingdom.

The power given by the House to the Sergeant-at-Arms to carry out its orders of arrest and confinement are very great. He can call to his aid not only the police, but the Army, Navy

and Air Force! He is entitled to enter any house in the Kingdom, and he cannot be sued for wrongful arrest.

In 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, M.P., was found guilty of a breach of privilege, and the House ordered his commitment to the Tower. The Sergeant-at-Arms went in search of Burdett, but found that he had barricaded himself in his Piccadilly house and that a mob of his constituents were determined to prevent his arrest.

The Sergeant-at-Arms called in the military, and they broke into the House. Burdett said that if the Sergeant-at-Arms demanded his surrender in the name of the King, he would obey. But the Sergeant-at-Arms replied, "No, sir, I demand you in the name and by the authority of the Commons of England," and carried him off.

Burdett spent five weeks in the Tower. Then the House was prorogued and its "sentence" automatically ended.

Burdett, like Bradlaugh, brought actions for wrongful arrest, but lost them. It is established beyond doubt that the Commons has this right of arrest and confinement of those it considers have offended.

What are the offences for which Parliament has committed men to prison? Bradlaugh's offence was refusal to use the name of God in taking the oath, part of the long battle he fought for "free-thinking," and eventually won.

Burdett had written a letter to the electors, saying that the Commons had exceeded their powers in sending a certain revolutionary orator to prison. A hundred years ago, Smith O'Brien, a Member of the House, was taken into custody because he refused to serve on an English Railway Committee—no M.P. can refuse to serve on a committee to which he is appointed.

But probably the greatest number of men brought to the bar of the House and confined have been journalists and editors, especially in the days when the right to report and comment on Parliament was not admitted. Some of them were very rigorously confined to Newgate and fed only on bread and water.

An editor was brought to the bar for reflecting on the Irish Members during the heat of the Irish Home Rule controversy, and another on the appeal of an Irish Member, who said he had been misrepresented. The reporter strenuously maintained that he had merely reported what the M.P. had said, at which the Member protested,

"Perhaps—but I didn't speak in italics!"

One of the most sensational committals to the Clock Tower was that of the Irish leader, Mr. Redmond. He was elected to Parliament in January, 1881, took the oath on February 2nd, made his maiden speech on February 3rd, and said, "As I regard the whole of these proceedings as unmitigated despotism I beg respectfully to decline to withdraw"—after scenes of "utmost confusion" thirty Members had been ordered to withdraw. Redmond was thereupon taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms and conducted to the Clock Tower.

To-day, very humble apology at the Bar of the House is generally considered sufficient punishment for strangers, and a Member who offends is more likely to be suspended, or in extremity expelled, than committed to the Clock Tower.

Formerly, anyone brought to the Bar was forced to kneel, a humiliation which many objected to strongly. One offender, who protested that he never knelt except to his God, was imprisoned for this further contempt. But what probably caused this rule to be changed was a plesantry.

An offender, getting up, dusted his knees and said, very audibly, "Damned dusty floor this House has got."

Parliament to-day is far more orderly, and offences against its privileges and dignities by strangers are nearly always due to ignorance of the rules rather than intention. The suites in the Clock Tower are likely to remain the least often occupied in London.

ALUMINIUM

THERE are reports of a new metal which is six hundred times as strong as steel, but very brittle. When this can be successfully alloyed with aluminium, a 3 per cent. addition would make it far harder than steel. When it is remembered that aluminium is many times lighter than steel, great advantages in post-war building can be foreseen.

It is early yet, but one can guess that the recent prefabrication schemes show a grand opening for aluminium consumption on a large scale. From the building of houses it is a short step to the manufacture of household utensils and fixtures from the same metal.

Do not imagine, however, that you are going to be provided with homes of a dull silver hue. By various processes it is possible for aluminium to achieve any desired colour, so the young housewife who has set her heart on a kitchen in dull pink, with a touch of blue here and there, will still see her dream materialise.

Advertisements of the future will perhaps read: "Brighter, stronger, and LIGHTER homes. Visit our showrooms for the latest thing in houses—all aluminium."

Beryl sits for Tel. Frank Matchett

For some weeks Telegraphist Frank Arthur Matchett wrote home for a photograph of his baby niece, Beryl, whom he had never seen. So "Good Morning" went along to 44 Kirkstone Road, Litherland, Liverpool.

The baby was just having her tea, and your sister, Frank, asked us to tell you that she takes after you with her appetite. She certainly drank her bottle of milk with gusto.



Bert sent his regards to you, and said that he has a confession to make—he actually took the baby out in the pram on Sunday.

He says that when you get married, he wouldn't mind betting you will start wheeling your family out? So here's hoping.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

ONE of the ancient kings of Persia, who extended their empire into the Indies, over all the islands thereunto belonging, a great way beyond the Ganges, and as far as China, had two sons; the eldest, Schahriar, the worthy heir of his father, and endowed with all his virtues. The youngest, Schahzenan, was likewise a prince of incomparable merit.

After a long and glorious reign, this king died, and Schahriar mounted his throne.

Schahzenan, being excluded from all share of the government by the laws of the empire, and obliged to live a private life, was so far from envying the happiness of his brother, that he made it his whole business to please him.

Schahriar, who had naturally a great affection for that prince, was so charmed with his complaisance, that he would divide his dominion with him, and gave him the kingdom of Great Tartary. Schahzenan immediately took possession of it, and fixed the seat of his government at Samarcande, the metropolis of the country.

After they had been separated ten years, Schahriar resolved to send an ambassador to his brother to invite him to his court. He made choice of his prime vizier for the embassy, sent him to Tartary with a retinue answerable to his dignity. The king of Tartary received the ambassador with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

At the end of ten days, the king took his leave of his queen, and went out of town in the evening with his retinue, pitched his royal pavilion near the vizier's tent,

and discoursed with that ambassador till midnight.

But willing once more to embrace the queen, whom he loved entirely, he returned alone to his palace, and went straight to her apartment, who, not expecting his return, had taken one of the meanest officers of her household to her bed, where they lay both fast asleep.

The king entered without any noise, and pleased himself to think how he should surprise his wife, who, he thought, loved him as entirely as he did her; but how strange was his surprise, when by the light of the flambeaus, he saw a man in her arms!

He stood immovable for a time, not knowing how to believe his own eyes; but, finding that it was not to be doubted, How! says he to himself, I am scarce out of my palace, and but just under the walls of Samarcande, and dare they put such an outrage upon me? Ah! perfidious wretches: your crime shall not go unpunished. As king, I am to punish wickedness committed in my dominions; and as an enraged husband, I must sacrifice you to my just resentment.

In a word, this unfortunate prince, giving way to his rage, drew his scimitar, killed them both with one blow, and afterwards threw them into the ditch that surrounded the palace.

Having avenged himself thus, he went out of town privately, as he came into it; and, returning to his pavilion, without saying one word of what had happened, he ordered them to make ready for his journey; and before day he had begun his march; but the king was so much troubled at the disloyalty of his wife, that extreme melancholy preyed upon him during his whole journey.

When he drew near the capital of the Indies, the sultan Schahriar and all his court came out to meet him: the princes were overjoyed to see one another, and after mutual embraces, they entered the city, with the acclamations of the people. The sultan conducted his brother to the palace he had provided for him, which had a communication with his own, by means of a garden.

One day, Schahriar having appointed a great hunting match,



together, in a great piece of water which was one of the chief ornaments of the garden, they dressed themselves, and re-entered the palace by the secret door, all except Masoud, who climbed up his tree, and got over the garden wall the same way as he came in.

All this having passed in the king of Tartary's sight, occasioned him to make a multitude of reflections. How little reason had I, says he, to think that no one was so unfortunate as myself!

Schahriar, who expected to have found him in the same state as he left him, was overjoyed to see him so cheerful; and spoke to him thus: Dear brother, I return thanks to Heaven for the happy change it has made in you during my absence; I am extremely rejoiced at it; but I have a request to make to you, and conjure you not to deny me.

Ever since you came to my court, I found you swallowed up by a deep melancholy, and I in vain attempted to remove

about two days' journey from his capital, Schahzenan prayed him to excuse him, for his health would not allow him to bear him company. The sultan, unwilling to put any constraint upon him, left him at his liberty, and went a hunting with his nobles.

The king of Tartary, being thus left alone, shut himself up in his apartment, and sat down at a window that looked into the garden.

Whilst he there sat musing on his grief, a secret gate of the palace suddenly opened, and there came out of it twenty women, in the midst of whom walked the sultaness.

This princess, thinking that the king of Tartary was gone a hunting with his brother the sultan, came up with her retinue near the windows of his apartment, who could see all that passed in the garden, without being perceived himself.

He observed, that the persons who accompanied the sultaness threw off their veils and long robes, and was wonderfully surprised when he saw ten of them to be blacks, and that each of them took his mistress. The sultaness clapped her hands, and called Masoud, Masoud; and immediately a black came down from a tree, and ran to her in all haste.

Modesty will not allow, nor is it necessary, to relate what passed between the blacks and the ladies. This enormous company continued together till midnight, and having bathed all

What! says the sultan, is the sultaness of the Indies capable of prostituting herself in so base a manner? No, brother, I cannot believe what you say, except I saw it with my own eyes; yours must needs have deceived you: the matter is so important, that I must be satisfied of it myself.

Dear brother, answers Schahzenan, that you may without much difficulty. Appoint another hunting match; and at night when we are out of town, let you and me return alone to my apartments; I am certain the next day you will see what I saw.

The sultan, approving the stratagem, immediately appointed a new hunting match; and that same day the tents were set up at the place appointed.

Next day the two princes set out, and staid at the place of encampment till night. They then returned to the city, and went to Schahzenan's apartment. They had scarce placed themselves in the window, but the secret gate opened, the sultaness and her ladies entered the garden with the blacks, and she, having called Masoud, the sultan saw more than enough to convince him of his misfortune.

O heavens! cried he, what an indignity! what horror! Can the wife of a sovereign, such as I am, be capable of such an infamous action?

He commanded the sultaness to be bound before him, and ordered the grand vizier to strangle her, who accordingly did so without inquiring into her crime. The enraged prince did not stop here, but cut off the heads of all the sultaness's ladies with his own hand.

After this rigorous punishment, being persuaded that no woman was chaste, he resolved to wed one every night, and have her strangled next morning. Having imposed this cruel law upon himself, he swore that he would observe it immediately after the departure of the king of Tartary, who speedily took leave of him, laden with magnificent presents.

The grand vizier, who was the executioner of this horrid injustice, against his will, had two daughters, the eldest called Scheherazade, and the youngest Dinarzade. The latter was a lady of very great merit; but the elder had courage, wit, and penetration infinitely above her sex. She read much, and had such a prodigious memory, that she never forgot anything she had read.

The vizier passionately loved a daughter so worthy of his tender affection; and one day, as they were discoursing together, she says to him, Father, I have one favour to beg of you, and most humbly pray you to grant it me.—I will not refuse it, answers he, provided it be just and reasonable.—I have a design, says she, to stop the course of that barbarity which the sultan exercises upon the families of this city.—Your design,

daughter, replies the vizier, is very commendable; but how do you pretend to effect it?

Father, says Scheherazade, since by your means the sultan makes every day a new marriage, I conjure you to procure me the honour of his bed.

The vizier could not hear this without horror. O heaven! replied he, have you lost your senses, daughter, that you make such a dangerous request to me?

Dear father, replies the daughter, I know the risk I run; but that does not frighten me. If I perish, my death will be glorious; and if I succeed, I shall do my country an important piece of service.

No, no, says the vizier, whatever you can represent to engage me to let you throw yourself into that horrible danger, do not think that ever I will agree to it.

When the sultan shall order me to strike my poinard into your heart, alas! I must obey him; and what an employment is that for a father!

Once more, father, says Scheherazade, grant me the favour I beg.

She gained his consent and the consent of the Sultan that before going to bed she should tell the Sultan a story, her sister, Dinarzade, being present.

Night after night she told stories which so engrossed the Sultan's interest that he spared her to continue. The tale which follows is an amazing adventure of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

(To be continued)

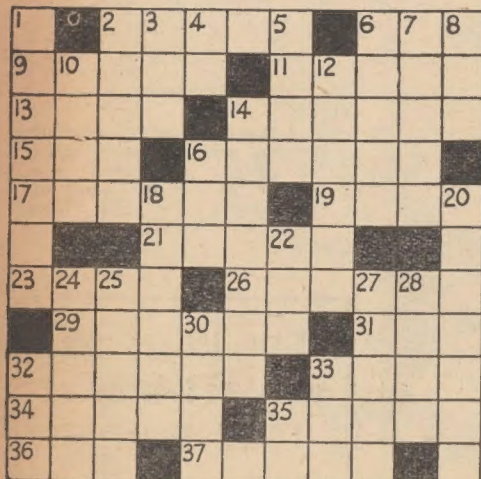
WANGLING WORDS—396

- Put a youth in BE and make him into a dashing fellow.
- Rearrange the following letters and get three famous scientists: PLEERK, TOWNEN, NINISEET.
- In the following three fabrics the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 726E6, C38836, 434726.
- Find the two hidden hedgerow bushes in: If the top rivet comes out and injures your thumb, ram bleeding part hard against the cold metal.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 395

- INTRUDER.
- TURKEY, TAILAND, COLUMBIA, DENMARK.
- Loam, Marl, Clay, Lime.
- Rad-is-h, Tom-at-o.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Herb.
- Express.
- Tree.
- Colour.
- Appointment.
- Tenth of legion.
- Shrub.
- Fruit.
- Severe test.
- Torn.
- Arable land.
- Peer.
- Faulty size.
- Idler.
- Nonsense.
- Merry.
- Flexible shoot.
- Sluggish.
- Tooth.
- Litter.
- Plaid.

WEFT WRETCH
AVERSE MORE
FINITE BLUR
ELDER GELID
R DIVIDES
SAP V G DEW
BOREDOM H
SATIN LARGE
ICED MOBILE
RUNG USEFUL
ESTEEM LEES

CLUES DOWN.

- Think good.
- Established.
- Insect.
- Direction.
- Diving bird.
- Glowed.
- Scottish island.
- So far.
- Frown.
- Maps.
- Medicine.
- Obstruct.
- Rich cake.
- Staggering.
- Tree.
- Solus.
- Wandered.
- Ruff.
- Another Scottish island.
- Oily substances.
- Sail.
- Scholar.

JANE



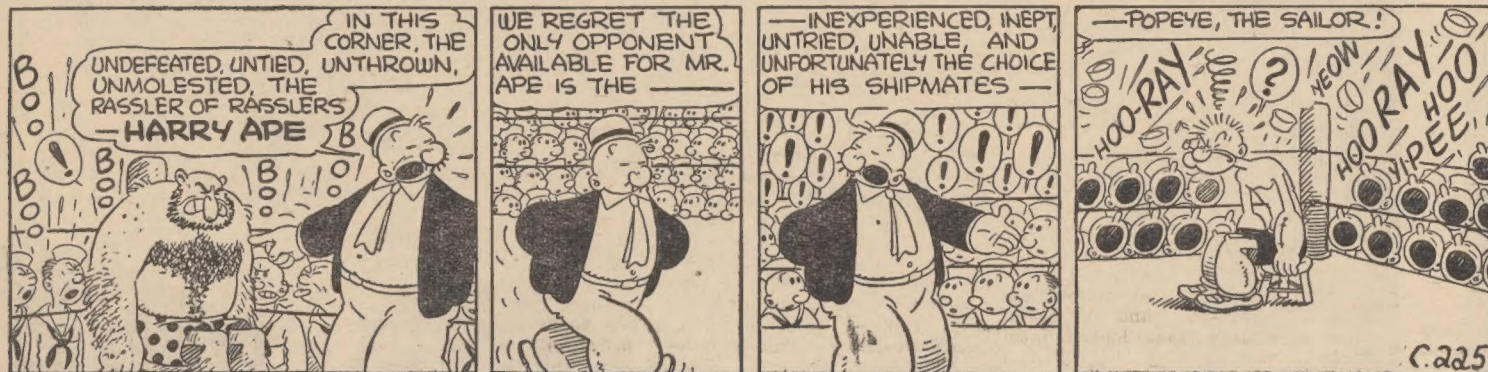
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



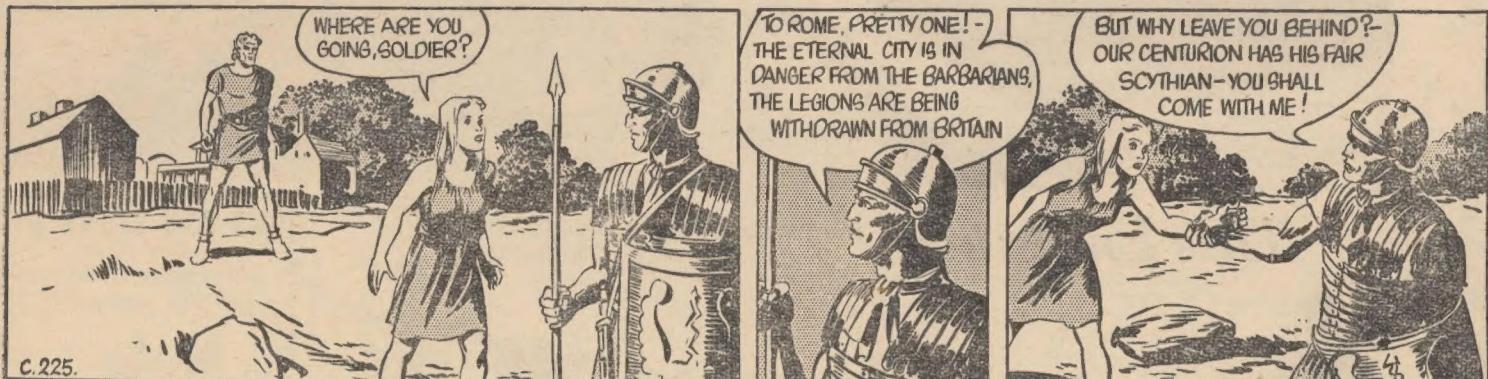
POPEYE



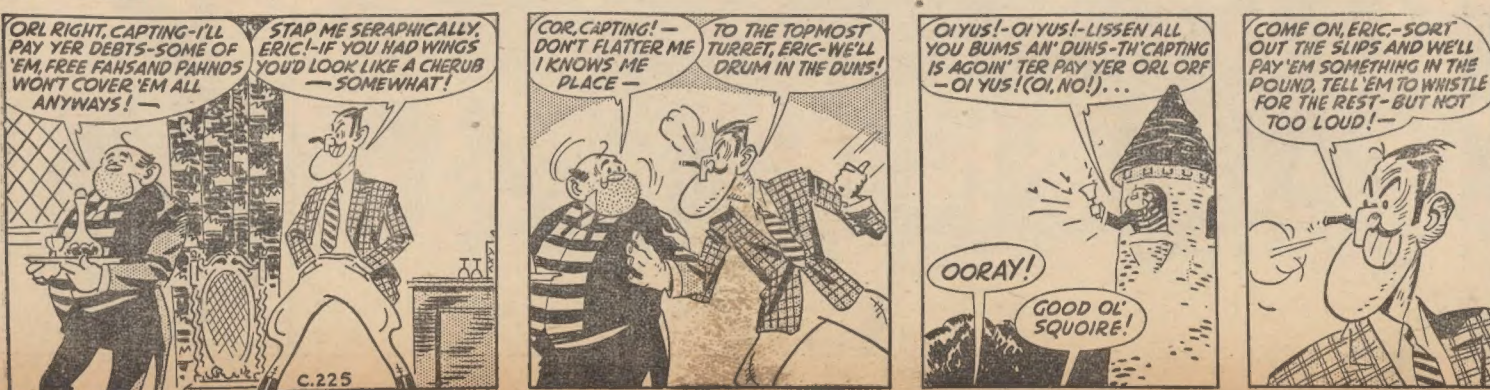
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Hunting

WHEN the staff of "Good Morning" meet celebrities they are invariably asked about the men in submarines, and usually the stars send good luck messages to you. So when Dick Gordon meets stage and radio stars he will note their greetings for you. Likewise, when W. H. Millier meets the sporting celebrities he will remember theirs; and when Ron Richards gets around to prominent people in



other walks of life he will bring you back their messages.

The first is from Rene Houston, whom Ron Richards met in Dundee. "They're great lads, and we in the theatre don't forget them. For my part, please give them my heartfelt thanks for the job they're doing so well, and wish them a speedy and safe return home to a better world than that which they left."

Alex Cracks

A farmer stopped to get some liniment to rub the rheumatism out of a cow, and two or three days later he returned with a grievance.

"Look here," he said, "I wish ye would be a little more careful how ye throw yourself about behind the counter. The other day ye gave me some eau-de-Cologne instead of liniment, and hang me if I didn't put it on the cow afore I found out what it was."

"It hasn't hurt her, has it?" broke in the grocer.

"Can't say it has," answered the farmer, "but ever since I put that sweet-smelling stuff on her she's done nothing but look at her reflection in the duck-pond and sigh."

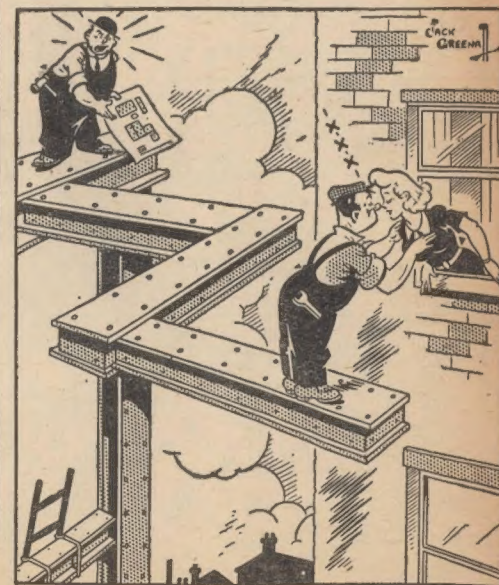
Barber (having sold a bottle of hair-restorer): "Excuse me, sir, but do you happen to play billiards?"

Customer: "Yes, why?"
Barber: "Then I must warn you, sir, after using this lotion to be sure and wash your hands before so much as touching a billiard ball."

Young Housewife: "But these shoe-laces seem very dear."

Peddler: "Ah, they're real mohair, ma'am. It's a risky job 'unting the mo."

There was a young lady of Erskine,
Who had a remarkably fair skin.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
You look well in your sable,"
She replied, "I look best in my bearskin."



* WATERHOUSE! KINDLY FOLLOW THE BLUE-PRINT //

Good Morning

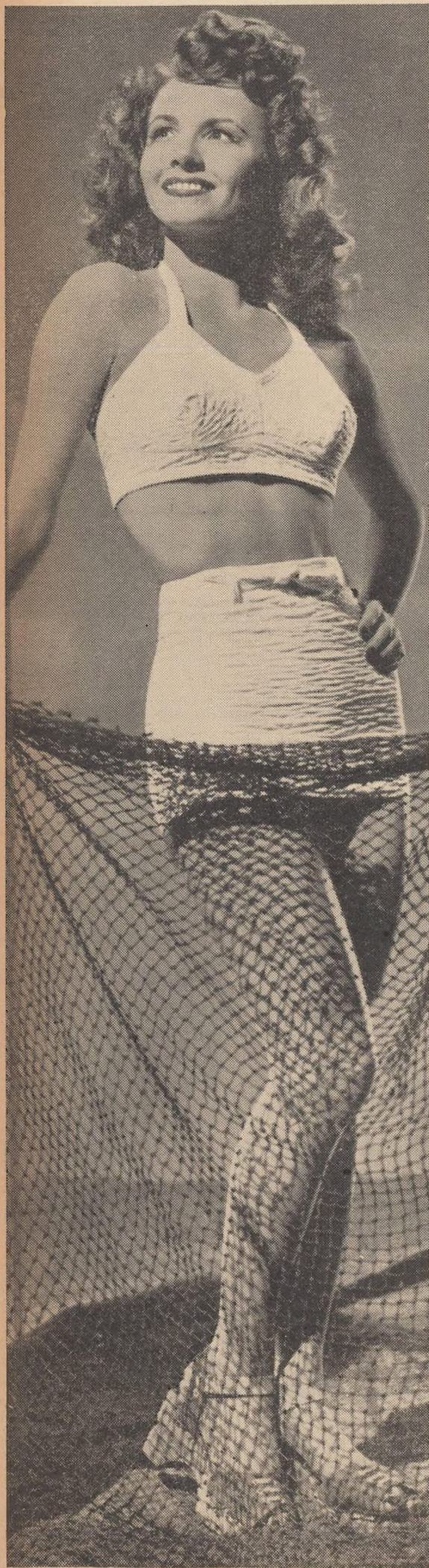
Columbia star, Janet Blair, would make a toothsome fish, we wish.



The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, but their sleep is a darned-sight longer.



"Cogitation, ratiocination, and other mental jerks make me tired, but I could go on like this for ever."



This England A misty morning and high-tide at Vauxhall, on the Thames.



Eight patient mokes and one patient proprietor waiting for the afternoon rush.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What have those blokes got but patience?"

